

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford, I
Is colder Newes, but yet they must be told:
Rich. Away towards Salisbury, while we reason here,
A Royall battail might be wonne and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury, the rest march on with me. *Flourish. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,
That in the sty of the most deadly Bore,
My Sonne George Stanley is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong Georges head,
The feare of that, holds off my present ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queene hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth hir daughter.
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford West in Wales.
Der. What men of Name resort to him.
Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned Souldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led
to Execution.*

Buc. Will not King Richard let me speake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and Edwards children, Gray & Rivers,
Holy King Henry, and thy faire Sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction.
This is All-soules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies doomsday
This is the day, which in King Edwards time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted,
This, this All-soules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,

Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest, what I begg'd in iest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus Margarets curse fallies heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth she) shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a Prophetesse:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with drum and colours.*

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my most louing Friends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoke of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father Stanley
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping Boare,
(That spoyle'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like wash, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Isle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leicester, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerefully on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereft neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe,
and the Earle of Surrey.*

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Bosworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.
Nor. Heere most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we must haue knockes:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath defied the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their utmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerser Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's lacke no Discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt*

*Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Ox-
ford, and Dorset.*

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall beare my Standard:
Giue me some Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaille,
Limit each Leader to his seuerall Charge,
And part in iust proportion our small Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir William Brandon,
And your Sir Walter Herbert stay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keeps his Regiment;
Good Captaine Blunt, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the second houre in the Morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vlesse I haue mistane his Colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at least
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good meanes to speake with him
And giue him from me, this most needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And so God giue you quiet rest to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine Blunt:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs consult vpon to morrowes Businesse;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, & Caterby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Car. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not sup to night,
Giue me some Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Car. It is my Liege: and all things are in readinesse.
Rich. Good Norfolk, hye thee to thy charge,
Vie carefull Watch, choose trusty Centinels,
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Scir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Pursuiuant at Armes
To Stanleys Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his Sonne George fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be sound, & not too heauy. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'st the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himselfe,
Much about Cockshut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am satisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit;

Nor cheere of Minde that I
Set it downe. Is Inke and P
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard wat
Ratcliffe, about the mid of ni
And helpe to arme me. *Lea*

Enter Derby to Rich

Der. Fortune, and Victo
Rich. All comfort that th
Be to thy Person, Noble Pa
Tell me, how fares our Nob
Der. I by Attourney, bl
Who prays continually for
So much for that. The silen
And flakie darkenesse break
In breefe, for so the season b
Prepare thy Battell early in
And put thy Fortune to th'A
Of bloody brookes, and mor
I, as I may, that which I w
With best aduantage will de
And ayde thee in this doub
But on thy side I may not be
Least being seene, thy Broth
Be executed in his Fathers s
Farewell: the leysure, and th
Cuts off the ceremonious V
And ample enterchange of f
Which so long fundred Fri
God giue vs leysure for thei
Once more Adieu, be valian
Richm. Good Lords cor
Ile striue with troubled nois
Left leaden slumber peize m
When I should mount with
Once more, good night kin
Exeunt

O thou, whose Captaine I a
Looke on my Forces with a
Put in their hands thy brui
That they may crush downe
Th' vsurping Helms of our
Make vs thy ministers of C
That we may praise thee in
To thee I do commend my
Ere I let fall the windowes
Sleeping, and waking, oh d
Enter the Ghost of Pr
Henry

Ch. to Ri. Let me sit heauy
Thinke how thou stab'st me
At Teukesbury: Dispaire th
Ghost to Richm. Be chear
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight
King Henries issue Richmond
Enter the Ghost of
Ghost. When I was mor
By thee was punched full of
Thinke on the Tower, and
Harry the sixt, bids thee di
To Richm. Vertuous an
Harry that prophesied thou
Doth comfort thee in sleep